A TEMPLE OF THESPIS.

Steele Mackaye's Magnificent New Theater—Elaborate Decorations and Perfect Stage Mechanism.

Some of the Ups and Downs of the Founder—His Madison Square Trouble.

The Distinguished Guests Present at the Dinner Given to the Great English Actor.

A New Picture of President Cleveland—Walt Whitman's Verses on Grant—Gotham Gossip.

Correspondence of the Globe.

NEW YORK, April 9.— At the close of the first performance in the Lyceum theater last Monday evening Mr. Steele Mackaye, the founder and director of this new and beautiful house, came upon the stage and made a characteristic speech. He let out his feelings, so to speak, for the benefit of the audience. He declared that he had been "swindled" out of his rights long enough and added that the Lyceum would not tolerate "goody-goodyism or vulgarity." These candid and unexpected remarks were directed against the Messrs. Mallory, who, in association with Mr. Mackaye, established the Madison Square theater. Mr. Mackaye's partnership with the Mallorys, it is well known, did not last long, and the feeling between them has since been extremely bitter. Mr. Mackaye has never hesitated to affirm that he was "swindled" by the Mallorys, whereas these gentlemen regard Mr. Mackaye as a "crank" who is bound to quarrel sooner or later with his best friends. Whether Mr. Mackaye is right, or whether the Mallorys are right, I don't pretend to know. The Mallorys are estimable and agreeable men, and they have conducted the Madison Square theater with

INTELLIGENCE AND HIGH SPIRIT;

and Mr. Mackaye is a very able and a very hot-headed enthusiast. In the circumstances Mr. Mackaye was not wise in his speech on Monday night. Self-repression would have been better than self-expression. Besides, a general audience cares little for the quarrels of managers. Only a few persons—actors, old theater-goers and critics—understood the point of Mr. Mackaye's remarks. Of Mackaye personally I can speak cordially. His quick temper springs from a good heart. He is a warm friend and a vigorous hater. He is unquestionably a man of robust brains and immense energy. His mind is essentially inventive, suggestive, scheming. During the last few years he has gone through all sorts of ups and downs. After he left the Madison Square theater he was for months in the worst plights of poverty; this, too, in face of the fact that he had written the most successful drama of the day, "Hazel Kirke," and invented

THE ADMIRABLE DOUBLE STAGE.

He could not stay poor or quiet long. He invented a new theater chair, which is used quite generally now. Then he took hold of an ambitious scheme for the building of a theater with the school of acting attached to it. He was laughed at of course. But the Lyceum school is to-day an actual thing, while the Lyceum theater has an important future before it. It will be admitted, therefore, that Mr. Mackaye has accomplished his objects. If he can find good plays for his theater the Lyceum will soon be famous.

The architectural arrangements, the decorations and the mechanism of the Lyceum theater are as perfect as they could be. Much has been said about the "elaborateness" of the decorations; but they are elaborate only in the sense of being artistically complex. The whole effect is rich and simple and illustrates a

CLEAR AND ELEGANT DESIGN.

The house is small, having a seating capacity for less than one thousand persons. That part of the house behind the procenium is a marvel of ingenius structure. The stage, for example, is composed entirely of small wood blocks and can be tipped in any direction. The musicians occupy a position which is covered upon the front of the stage between acts. When an act begins, therefore, the musicians disappear suddenly. This transformation, which is very striking, is effected behind two curtains that glide laterally across the stage. The beauty and novelty of Mr. Mackaye's theater were observed with intense interest at the opening by

THE MOST BRILLANT AUDIENCE

that I have seen in New York this winter. Everybody that could be present was present. The spacious and comfortable balcony was filled with a handsomely dressed throng of well-known men and women, and one might have believed himself at a popular reception. There was

A BURST OF ADMIRATION

when the first scene—a charming Breton landscape—was displayed. The effect of this scene, which was lovely in itself as a piece of stage painting was greatly heightened by the sun-like glow of electric lamps and a huge, square, gold frame which outlined the picture sharply. The play, as you know, was Mr. Steele Mackaye's "Dakolar," another version of the story told in "Lady Clare;" yet it is less simple and correct, and considerably more extravagant. It is hard to understand how the events that happen in "Dakolar" could happen; the characters show no intelligence in their dealings with one another, and it is felt that the author makes them do arbitrarily what they do. But the situations are clever and the action picturesque. To the last scene fifty or sixty pupils from the Lyceum school form a well-trained and stirring mob. Mr. Robert Mantel and Miss Sadie Martinot act with much skill in "Dakolar." Mr. Mantel has unusual force and passion, though he likes to bellow now and then. Miss Martinot is very graceful and sprightly. Some of the acting in "Dakolar" is

NOT AS GOOD AS IT OUGHT BE.

Miss Rose Coghlan, the leading actress at Wallack's theater, has been ambitious for a long time to give up her large salary and try her fortune as a "star." Miss Coghlan does not seem to appreciate the fact that the "star" system is gradually going out of fashion, whereas stock companies are coming into fashion again. It is the conviction of many shrewd observers that each large city in the United States will soon have its own special company, competent enough to present any play, and to assist any distinguished actor. This is a consummation devoutedly to be wished. The system now in vogue creates "stars" who are by no means remarkably good actors. Miss Coghlan was not born a "star," though she may by persistent effort turn herself into one. Yet, that is doubtful. She has, however, a

GOOD DEAL OF SELF-CONFIDENCE.

She bought not long ago a play entitled "Our Joan," written by Herman C. Merivale, the author of "Forget-me-not," and his wife, who is known as Cecil Dale. This play was produced Tuesday night at Wallack's, with Miss Coghlan in the only part that has any weight in it. "Our Joan." is not a bad play, and that is about the best thing we can say of it. It begins vigorously, runs into a weak second act and ends in a still weaker last act. The character of Joan is an old friend—the virtuous rustic maiden who is determined to find a vast amount of

VILLAINY IN EVERY MAN SHE MEETS.

This play is built on absurdities, and, in spite of its many bright merits, adds nothing to the stage. But it is done very well at Wallack's and the final scene, showing a boat tossing on the sea under the glare of an electric light, is melodramatic and striking. Miss Coghlan acts with heartiness and intelligence, and it is possible that she will please many people in "Our Joan."

Many of the accomplished and famous gentlemen who invited Mr. Irving to a banquet last week did not occupy their seats in Delmonico's big dining-room Monday evening—among them Oliver Wendell Holmes, George William Curtis, Thomas Bailey Aldrich and William H. Vanderbilt. Yet in spite of their absence the guests who were present made up the most distinguished dinner party that has gathered here at any time

IN HONOR OF AN ACTOR.

In our own country, as in England, Mr. Irving commands a most extraordinary recognition from the best minds and strongest men of the age. At least two hundred persons greeted him and applauded him at Delmonico's, and two score of them bore brilliant names. In this great assemblage there were Senator Evarts, Judge Davis, Charles Francis Adams, Jr., Morton McMichel, ex-Senator Fenton, Charles A. Dana, Parke Godwin, Cyrus W. Field, Judge Barrett, Algernon S. Sullivan, Dr. William A. Hammond, Sherman S. Rogers, John Foord, Hopkinson Smith, John B. Carson, James H. Rutter, Horace White, Victor Newcomb, F. B. Thurber, George Parsons Lathrop, Noah Brooks, Edgar Fawcett, Theodore Roosevelt, Prof. Botta, Henry Cabot Lodge, John McCullough, M. P. Handy, Elihu Root, Albert Bierstadt, William Winter, Rush C. Hawkins, and dozens of others whose names escape my memory at this moment. The principal speakers of the evening were Mr. Evarts, Mr. Irving and Mr. Winter. Mr. Chauncey M. Depew had been counted on for one of his

LIVELY AND HUMOROUS ADDRESSES,

but he was not able to come to the dinner. Mr. Irving was at his best on this occasion and the drift of his bright and earnest talk was that he loved America with a tender and noble passion. It is a somewhat singular fact that every actor who comes from Europe and makes money here is speedily infected with an intense love for the country; but that is, perhaps, a weakness of human nature. Mr. William Winter, whose readable and thoughtful little book on Mr. Irving's acting was published by Mr. Coombes only a few days ago, made his speech chiefly in a poem. Mr. Winter may be described as the poet laureate of famous actors. A banquet for the glory of an actor without an affectionate and graceful poem from Mr. Winter would hardly be a complete meal. The accomplished dramatic critic of the Tribune has written verses for Miss Cushman, Miss Neilson, Mr. George Fawcett Rowe, Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, John McCullough and Henry Irving.

SOME FACETIOUS JOURNALIST

has suggested that poor Gen. Grant was not permitted to read the newspapers, because it was feared he might endanger his feeble health by scanning the verses written to his great name. Many poems about "Grant Dying" and "Grant" and "Shiloh" have certainly appeared during the last few days, a few of them by well-known authors. Joaquin Miller contributes, for example, three impetuous stanzas to the Illustrated Newspaper; a sonnet by Edgar Fawcett headed a column in the Tribune yesterday; Mr. H. C. Bunner has a dirge in Puck in very big type, and Charles DeKay was represented in the Times last week. Mr. DeKay's poem seems to be the best of the four, and it has a ringing refrain in the single word, Grant. Mr. Fawcett's sonnet closes with these picturesque lines:

"The great spirit of Lincoln looks for thee
Where flies of shadowy soldiery are drawn,
Waiting their mighty captain's last review."

Walt Whitman, I am told, has prepared a dozen verses on Grant which will be made public somewhere next week.

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I was in the studio of Felix Moscheles for a half hour the other day. Mr. Moscheles, as a prominent English portrait painter, has all the work that he can do in this country, though much of his work is done out of pure devotion to art. A great deal has been said in the newspapers about his portrait of Mr. Cleveland, and it has been intimated that this has been paid for out of government appropriations. As a matter of fact it has not been paid for, and it belongs to Mr. Moscheles himself, and not to Mr. Cleveland. It is simply a sketch—an excellent sketch—and the artist will take it with him to England on the Umbria. When Mr. Moscheles was in Washington recently the president said to him cheerfully: "I can hardly tell you why I am president. For a while I was the mayor of Buffalo, and then

AN UNEXPECTED OPPORTUNITY

sent me as governor to Albany. I was not anxious to be governor and not ambitious to be president. When my term is ended, I think, on the whole, that I should like to be the mayor of Buffalo again." Mr. Moscheles declares that Mr. Cleveland is in no sense an ambitious man. "His chief aspiration," the artist said to me with a smile, "is to attend to his business." Nevertheless, the president has a decided appreciation of his own dignity. He remarked good-humoredly to Mr. Moscheles: "These people will discover by and by that I'm not to be set up as a kind of tobacco shop sign."

THERE WAS A REVIVAL OF SOCIAL GAYETY

as early as Easter Monday. The children's carnival was given Monday evening, although the carnival, in spite of its popularity and respectable purpose, is by no means what is called a "fashionable" entertainment. It is controlled and directed by persons who, in spite of their work, are never spoken of as persons of fashion. The fact is not discreditable; it is simply a fact which illustrates society in New York. The Kirmess will bring out all the brilliant sets next week, and many of our loveliest women will appear there in costume; in the French booth a clever man about town will act the part of a cook. We are to have a dozen amateur performances in aid of charity during the coming month—two of them at Daly's theater, and three of them at the University Club theater. The wonder is how some of the men and women—like Mr. Coward and Mrs. James Brown Potter, for instance—find time for their work on the amateur stage. Their services are demanded constantly. Lord Garmoyle, to whom the late Earl Cairns allowed $100 a week, has just returned to England. It is quite likely that we shall have a bachelors' ball shortly, at the Hotel Brunswick. Many prominent New Yorkers will spend the summer in London after all. Mr. W. W. Astor, who is done with his Italian mission, is going to Newport.

G. E. MONTGOMERY.

WHY MARK TWAIN IS HAPPY.

He Tells in a Letter How Massachusetts Has Benefited Him.

N. Y. World.

Mark Twain has sent a characteristic letter to the Concord Free Trade club, which has elected him an honorary member. He thanks the club for the honor conferred and says: "It does seem as if Massachusetts were in a fair way to embarrass me with kindness this year. In the first place a Massachusetts judge has just decided in open court that a Boston publisher may sell not only his own property in a free and unfettered way, but also may as freely sell property which does not belong to him but to me, property which he has not bought and which I have not sold. Under this ruling I am now advertising the judge's homestead for sale, and if I make as good a sum out of it as I expect I shall go on and sell out the rest of his property.

"In the next place, a committee of the public library of your own town have condemned and excommunicated my last book and doubled its sale. This generous action of theirs must necessarily benefit me in one or two additional ways. For instance, it will deter other libraries from buying the book, and you are doubtless aware that one book in a public library prevents the sale of a sure 10 and a possible 100 of its mates; and, secondly, it will cause the purchasers of the book to read it out of curiosity, instead of merely intending to do so, after the usual way of the world and library committees, and then they will discover, to my great advantage and their own indignant disappointment, that there is nothing objectionable in the book after all."

He thinks, since the "club has made him an honorary member, that even the moral icebergs of the Concord library committee will be bound to respect him."

Thousands Say So.

T. W. Atkins, Girard, Kan., writes: "I never hesitate to recommend your Electric Bitters to my customers, they give entire satisfaction and are rapid sellers." Electric Bitters are the purest and best medicine known and will positively cure kidney and liver complaints, purify the blood and regulate the bowels. No family can afford to be without them. They will save hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills every year. Sold at 50 cents a bottle by Lambie & Bethune.

The mistress who dislikes noise and desires privacy now has her sitting room in the top of the house. Here she has gathered her favorite pictures and works of art. Here she writes her letters, receives her intimates, hears the birds sing, and cultivates the sky. It is now a high privilege to be asked to come up-stairs.

The habitual use of pills is a sure means of ultimately undermining health and laying the foundation for some of the most distressing cases of chronic maladies. Use Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic, a purely vegetable remedy, which tones and regulates the system, enriches the blood. It cures all diseases of the stomach, liver, blood and kidneys. Can be taken by the most delicate; 50 cents. P. J. Dreis.

A REVIVAL OF GAYETY.

Easter Monday Brings New Life to the Throng of Pleasure-Seekers at the Capital,

And They Clearly Demonstrate the Fact That Washington Society Can be Unconventional.

Sons and Daughters of Prominent People Capering Around and Kicking up Their Heels for Charity.

Riding the Present Fashionable Craze—The Pleasure the President Finds in Drives About the Country.

Correspondence of the Globe.

WASHINGTON, April 9.—"Monkey business" is the expressive but slightly inelegant word which characterizes the performances of Washington society this week. To see a lot of prominent society people, posing in living pictures or patronizing the ridiculous in the production of Mrs. Jarley's wax works gives one some queer notions of the lack of dignity in Washington society. In fact there is good reason for it. Not entirely are the experiences this week of a character to show that Washington society may be extremely unconventional at times, but they entirely correspond with the observations of other occasions. It is no unusual thing to see the wives and daughters of members of congress or the justices of the supreme court masquerading in some outlandish costume in honor of some fashionable and favorite charity. It often happens that people of prominence who have been abroad bring home with them costumes of the countries which they have visited, and these are promptly trotted out on all occasions when there is an opportunity to exhibit them. It is

NO UNCOMMON CIRCUMSTANCE

to see ladies of the families of former ministers attending "fairs" or "bazars" or dress parties, rigged out in the costumes of Russia or Japan or some other outlandish country. Nor is it any particular surprise to find sons and daughters of prominent society people or officials of high rank, capering about the stage in some amateur performance or kicking up their heels as amateur minstrels for the benefit of some fashionable charity. So it was not at all surprising when it was announced that a lot of society people were to pose in tableaux and "do" the wax works business for the benefit of some struggling church. This was one of the most prominent society events of the week. Willard's hall was crowded with people of prominence who willingly contributed a dollar each to see others of their own set with an extra thickness of powder on their faces or some unusual toggery about their persons, and posed in artistic situations by so prominent an artist as Mr. Andrews. Of course it would have been a much greater curiosity to have seen them entirely devoid of powder and appearing entirely natural, but this could not be expected even for the sake of sweet charity, so the situation was accepted. The programs were unique, representing an Easter egg decorated with Easter lilies. They were drawn by Mr. E. F. Andrews, the artist, who also consented to pose the tableaux. Mrs. Frank B. Conger's recitation of "Archie Dean," which has charmed her friends, in private was a feature of the event, this being about the only occasion the public have had to enjoy her elocution.

THE RICH AND RARE

wax works of the renowned Mrs. Jarley were under the immediate supervision of Mrs. Hubbard T. Smith. The stage management was under the direction of Mr. George T. Coffin. The lady patronesses of the entertainment were Mrs. Secretary Bayard, Mrs. George N. Beale, Mrs. Senator Edmunds, Mrs. O. V. Niles, Mrs. Admiral Rogers, Mrs. William J. Stone, Mrs. Justice Woods, Mrs. James C. Welling, Miss Virginia Miller and Miss Elliotts. The program was as follows: Tableaux—Priscilla and John Alden, the Forbidden Book, Leon in Love, Wooing of Henry V., Turkey and China, Blue Beard's Wives, Talking Well, Marchioness and Dick Swiveler, Huguenot Lovers and Marriage Milier, the directory.

Riding has become very fashionable here. Indeed, it is always more or less the case at this time of the year, for the facilities for indulging in this pleasure are so excellent that it would be strange if it were not a popular recreation after the long winter agonies indoors. There are, too, special reasons for it now. President Cleveland is taking great interest in the drives about Washington, and is to be seen almost daily quietly driving about the city accompanied by his private secretary or his sister, or both. Every road of any particular interest has already been explored by them under the direction of the experienced driver at the White house, who has been so long employed there. One of his recent drives was to

THE OLD DUELING GROUND

where so much good blood has been spilt in defense of the code, although it is now a dark, marshy spot, overgrown with cat tails and water lilies. The president was incredulous when told that the ancient burg was formerly a large shipping port, and on the return home he had the carriage driven across the ford, near the old toll house, instead of by the bridge route. When visitors call upon the president, who are at all familiar with Washington and its surroundings, the president always leads the conversation to the magnificent drives and roads in this vicinity, and when he enters the office coupe he makes use of the information thus gained and leaves the details to the driver, John Cobb. The carriage is becoming a very familiar object to the citizens of Washington, and in his daily rides the president is kept busy responding to the salutations of pedestrians and occupants of vehicles, his invariable response being to lift his hat. The president has not yet essayed much horseback riding. This was a favorite custom with President Arthur. It was no uncommon thing to see him quietly riding out, apparently quite alone, though sometimes accompanied by his private secretary or followed at a respectful distance by a mounted attendant.

The president's declaration in favor of the roads, coupled with their own attractions, has made riding a popular pastime this week. It is quite a common thing to see merry parties of young men and women cantering over the hills, which rise like a huge wall about the capital city, and to see them spinning along the well-kept roads in carriages or on tricycles. The roads about Washington are excellent for any of these methods of going. There are a number of ladies of prominence here who are especially fine riders and who have readily found out that they appear to excellent advantage on horseback. The result is that horseback riding is becoming very popular with those who can muster sufficient courage to attempt it. Miss Bayard, daughter of the secretary of state, is counted one of the very best lady riders of the country. With the daughter of the first officer in the cabinet, and who in the illness of her mother must be considered practically the first lady of the land, an accomplished equestrienne, it is not to be wondered that the sport is becoming fashionable. Tricycling is steadily growing in popular favor, too, and it has some devoted supporters in fashionable circles. There is a Tricycle club whose president is an assistant secretary of state. The ladies find that their pretty forms show to good advantage on a tricycle and the result is that you may almost any bright day see them spinning about the smoothly-paved avenues of the city or wheeling along the well-kept roads of the country round about.

Huntley, the chaplain of the senate, is a very bright and highly-educated man, an orator from whom many of he senators could take lessons to advantage, a hard student and a man of brilliant intellect. Among the attendants on his church you see such men as Senator Sawyer, Judge Lawrence so long comptroller of the treasury, Assistant Postmaster General Hazen, the chief clerk of the senate, Mr. Johnson, and others of prominence and national reputation. Yet this array of greatness and fashion and dignity does not appear to have a repressive influence on the old-fashioned Methodism of this church. Indeed, in this case the "amen corner" seems to extend all over the church when the pastor scores a particularly good point. If you want to hear good healthful amens out of fashionable throats go to the church presided over by the chaplain of the senate.

Miss Cleveland has received a good many callers in an informal way this week. An usher at the main entrance of the White house takes the card of the visitor and presents it to another usher stationed in the corridor adjacent to the red, blue and green parlors, and he in turn shows it to the mistress of the mansion. Miss Cleveland receives her visitors in the red parlor and as she has been particular to get the names correct from the cards when announced the hostess is enabled to greet them properly, and in this particular she is a great favorite with all whom she is brought in contact with. While she is entertaining callers Miss Cleveland always remains standing and they do likewise for the red parlor is a cosy place and some visitors might be tempted to prolong their stay to the detriment of others who are waiting in the ante-room. By this arrangement the red room is never crowded.

AN OPERATIC SUCCESS.

The Great Festival at Chicago Attracting Large Audiences and Exciting Great Enthusiasm.

The Hard Lot of the Newspaper Men Who Sit Up Nights Waiting for the Death of Gen. Grant.

The Peculiar Superstitions of Gamblers in Regard to Money Won at Times of Public Calamity.

Correspondence of the Globe.

CHICAGO, April 10.—The one absorbing topic of interest is the opera festival. Although the seating capacity of the hall is but 6,200, the attendance at the four performances thus far given has aggregated $31,000 paid admissions, no less than 9,000 persons being present to hear the wonderful Patti last night. The usual trouble with his stars—and Mapleson is notoriously at swords' points with every person to whom he pays a salary—commenced early in the season, and the public do not know how nearly they missed seeing Nevada on Wednesday night. The curtain did not ring up until 8:30, and when asked as to the cause of the delay Col. Mapleson murmured something about the sudden illness of Mlle. Nevada. But Miss Nevada appeared on the scene shortly after, announcing herself in first-rate voice and excellent spirits, and her instantaneous success and hearty reception from the monster audience proved the truth of the assertion. Nevada's eyes gleamed triumphantly, but the colonel seemed depressed. The fact was that he had been worsted in a dispute over money matters with his junior star. When Mapleson coaxed Mlle. Nevada from Paris he agreed to pay her $1,000 for every performance. After singing in New York for some time and not making the furore that he had expected, Mapleson coolly informed Miss Nevada that he would pay her only $300 a night. Owing to the impossibility of getting another engagement at the time, Mlle. Nevada submitted to the colonel's dictum for the time. But on arriving at San Francisco and

MAKING SUCH MARKED SUCCESS,

the young lady demanded that her contrac be fulfilled. Mapleson demurred, and Nevada refused to sing. The public declined to swallow the stories about the prima donna's illness, and denounced the colonel for failing to bring Nevada to the footlights. Mapleson, obliged to give in, restored the salary of $1,000 a night, and Nevada delighted large audiences. On her arrival at Chicago she was given to understand that she was to receive but $300 a night. She neither accepted nor demurred. But a few hours before the time she was to make her debut before a Chicago audience, she sent word to Col. Mapleson that she desired to see him, and

WHEN HE STOOD IN HER PRESENCE

she quietly but very firmly told him that she expected $1,000 a night spot cash, before she would dress for the performance. He pleaded poverty and other subterfuges, but the singer was firm. The opera festival committee was sent for, but its members declined to interfere, also refusing to make Miss Nevada sick on paper and change the bill. So the colonel had to give in and Miss Nevada received $1,000 before she went to the theater.

Nevada had trouble too at the Palmer house. Because she couldn't have a room she wanted she flounced over to the Grand Pacific, where she occupies a suite of rooms on the floor above Patti. You never hear of such frills on the part of Patti. She's the greatest little woman in the world. She's as happy as a lark, always contented, gets the best that is to be had and says that is good enough for me. She is liberal to a fault. All the hotel people, from landlord to porter,

ADMIRE HER WITHOUT STINT,

and she is the most welcome of all their public guests. We all know that Patti is a genius and that she is clever in every relation in life, and that's why people pay good money so freely whenever she is announced. She is pre-eminently the prima donna who never disappoints.

Gen. Grant's prolonged illness has been very wearing on one class of citizens, and without wishing the old commander any harm one and all most heartily desire a termination of the long agony of suspense. I refer to the newspaper men. For more than two weeks every morning daily in the city has held a force of printers, telegraph operators and an editor or so on hand, awaiting a possible emergency, until the early editions of the afternoon papers make their appearance on the streets. I know one night editor who has not left his office before 10 o'clock in the morning since Gen. Grant's illness,

ASSUMED SUCH AN ALARMING TURN.

The waiting, knowing the patient cannot recover, the long suspense, has not had a soothing effect on the late watchers' nerves, and they one and all heartily wish that death would come and end all. This sounds rather cold-blooded, but it is not, and if Gen. Grant should regain his strength none would rejoice more heartily than these same hard-worked boys who are now anxiously expecting his death. And they will feel amply rewarded if when death does come it will be too late for the evening papers to handle.

"Does the condition of Gen. Grant have any effect on the sporting fraternity?" was asked of a well-known sporting man the other day: He said it did. "Gamblers," said he, "are always superstitious any way. The other night while a game was going on in a Clark street house somebody came in and said there was a report that Grant was dead. You ought to have seen some of them drop their chips, push back their chairs and

REFUSE TO BET ANOTHER DOLLAR

until they knew whether there was any truth in the report. I don't suppose you would believe it, but there are some of the boys who wouldn't play bank during Passion week, and I know a few who never play during Lent. I believe if we should get the news here some night that Grant was dead the door wouldn't be big enough for some of them to get out at.

"Did you ever hear of Jew Mose, a gambler who died at the Walton house a few years ago? His weakness was horse-racing, and there are few courses in the country that he was not familiar with. Talk about gamblers being superstitious—well, he took the cake. when Lincoln was shot Mose was down South at a horse-race, and when the news came he had just won $500 on a favorite. He took that winning and made a present of it to a Sisters of Charity school. They didn't know where it came from, or from whom, but Mose used to say when talking about it afterward that he would have been stricken blind, or some other terrible visitation sent upon him, if he had kept money won on a day when such a deed was done."

COMING MUSICAL EVENTS.

Chicago is to have plenty of good music this summer. C. D. Hess and Manager Hamlin of the Grand opera house are to conduct a series of spectacular operas in the mammoth hall now used by the opera festival. McCaull's Opera company open at the Columbia for a six weeks' season about the middle of May. The Princess Opera company, a new organization, has already commenced a long summer season in English opera of the higher class, while the Bijou company will continue presenting light opera throughout the summer months. Theodore Thomas will spend at least six weeks in the city, opening about the 1st of June. All the South-side theaters will be closed for repairs in a short time, and the fall season will be inaugurated with the dedication of the new Chicago opera house, with Edwin Booth in Shaksperean drama.

A MYSTERIOUS JOURNEY.

The Peculiar Circumstances Attending a Lawyer's Professional Trip to Mexico.

The Oklahoma Boomers Characterized as Law-Abiding—Hansom Cabs in St. Louis.

Correspondence of the Globe.

ST. LOUIS, April 9.—The general topic of conversation in social and business circles for two weeks has been the mysterious disappearance of Gov. Thomas C. Fletcher, who is certainly one of the most widely known men in the city and state. The readers of the GLOBE are already familiar with the mystery of his disappearance, which is no greater to most people than that attending his return to his usual ways and circles. He returned yesterday and has since given a detailed statement in account for his absence. He says that on March 21, the day of his disappearance, he had decided to go to DeSoto, Mo., on professional business and left his home with that intention, acquainting his wife and family with his immediate plans. On reaching union depot he was met by a man named Ackenor, who persuaded him to go to Matamoras, Mexico, to take depositions in the Weil and L'Abra claims against Mexico, amounting to more than

TWO MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.

Gov. Fletcher says he was unprepared for such a journey, but was accompanied to DeSoto by Ackenor and persuaded to go to Mexico against his will, Ackenor defraying all expenses, which were necessarily large considering that no preparation whatever had been made for the trip. The governor states that he had notified Mr. E. C. Rankin of DeSoto, that he would visit that point, but when the train reached there he decided to go on to Bismarck to hear further argument from Ackenor. At that point he prepared a telegraphic statement of matters and gave it to Ackenor to forward. This was never received in St. Louis. At Matamoras no witnesses were on hand and Mr. Ackenor asked Gov. Fletcher to go to Bagdad, as the Mexican senate might act on the claims unadvised by the claimants. This the lawyer refused to do, and having received enough of money to bring him back home he started for St. Louis after giving his client another telegram to send, but which

WAS NEVER RECEIVED.

On the road he was robbed, but drawing on friends at Laredos he managed to return safely. His adventures are generally discussed.

Only a year ago Mr. Chester H. Krum, another leading citizen and a lawyer in the front rank, disappeared from St. Louis. He was missing for three months and was only accidentally met in Utah after a trip around from New York via Central America. He was traveling under the name of James Reilly. He returned, settled down to business and to this day has never given any explanation of his mysterious land and sea trip, except that it was his pleasure to take the trip in the manner he did. These and the Zerelda Garrison and Zou Watkins cases, both of national fame, have given St. Louis a name for mysterious disappearances.

Capt. Couch, the leader of the Oklahoma colony, is in the city on his way to Washington to see President Cleveland. The object of his visit is to dispel the erroneous views of the authorities in Washington in regard to the character and

INTENTIONS OF THE BOOMERS.

Though a thousand persons are in camp on the Kansas border there is no intention, he declares, to engage in any conflict with the United States troops or to defy any law. The colonists are waiting for a peaceful solution of the Oklahoma difficulty and entertain a hope that Attorney General Garland, to whom the matter has been referred by the president and Secretary Lamar, will render a decision favorable to them. The most strenuous efforts have been made by the cattlemen and their friends to stigmatize Couch and his followers as law-breakers and desperadoes, but the mayor of Arkansas City as well as the deputy United States marshals and prominent business men have signed a testimonial vouching for the peaceable, law-abiding character of the boomers, and declaring that no offense against the law or public decency has ever been committed by any of their members. Capt. Couch expects to receive a favorable hearing from the president and to return to his colony in ten days with a guaranty that the future efforts of the cattlemen to calumniate his followers will be less successful than they have been in the past.

For want of funds the meat inspection commission has been discontinued. Under this commission all cattle shipped to this city were examined in the yards and all meat exposed for sale on the stands was closely inspected, the city defraying the expenses. The result was that a regular traffic in diseased beef and pork was discovered. The venders were arraigned before the courts and heavily fined. Since the abolition of the offices of the inspector and his assistants, citizens have prepared a petition to the municipal assembly to make an appropriation without delay for the commission.

The railroad event of the week was the inauguration of the fast mail service between St. Louis and New York city. A train pulling out of the union depot at 10 a. m. daily arrives in New York the following day at 6:55 p. m. The train from the east arrives at 3 p. m. This arrangement of time not only improves the mail service but saves one day's interest on exchanges in banking.

A company has been organized in this city to introduce the Hansom cabs, a cheap mode of conveyance. At present the only vehicles in use at the command of the public are the street cars and the public hacks. The success of conveyances which make a compromise in the charges of these carriers has been established in the East and in Chicago. The company proposes building twelve cabs as an experiment.

ASMODEUS.

ASSIGNEE SALE.

ASSIGNEE SALE!

$50,000

WORTH YET TO BE SOLD OF THE

Whitman, Frye & Co. Stock.

As the store has been leased by other parties who will take possession of the same by May 15th, the entire stock above named must be sold out by that date, and to do this I am aware extraordinary efforts and prices never before heard of, must be made. What I want is to have the people

COME IN AND SEE THE GOODS

And am fully determined that when you come in and there is anything in the store you want, you shall not go out without it; at least the price shall not stand in the way. Prices have now been made to open the campaign

To-Morrow, Monday, April 13.

Below will be found quotations of the former prices, and the reduction now made on some of the goods to convince you that now is the time to invest in Dry Goods.

54-in. French Tricot, reduced from $1.75 to 87½c.

BLACK SILKS.

$1.00 Silk, reduced to	65c	$2.00 Col'd Silk, red. to	1.37½	Satins, Merveleaux, Redzimirs, Ottomans, etc., at the same great reductions.	
1.25 Silk, reduced to	79c	1.75 Col'd Silk, " to	1.25		
1.65 Silk, reduced to	$1.00	1.50 Col'd Silk, " to	1.07		
2.00 Silk, reduced to	1.35	1.25 Col'd Silk, " to	80c	$14.00 Silk Velvet, for	$8.00
2.75 Silk, reduced to	1.85	1.00 Col'd Silk, " to	60c	5.00 Velvets, for....	3.00
3.00 Silk, reduced to	2.10	75c Col'd Silk, " to	45c	4.00 Velvets, for....	2.75
4.50 Silk, reduced to	3.25			3.00 Velvets, for....	2.15
		Black and Colored Rhadames,		2.00 Velvets, for....	1.40

DRESS GOODS.

	Reduced to		
$2.50 Drap d'Almer	$1.50	Victoria and Bishop Lawns,	36 inch Bleached Muslins,
2.00 Black Goods,	1.25	Dotted Swisses,	36 inch Brown Muslins,
1.20 Black Goods,	95c	Lace Muslins,	Wash Suitings of all kinds,
1.25 Black Goods,	75c	Lace Piques,	Prints and Ginghams,
1.00 Black Goods,	65c	Figured Piques,	All sizes Napkins,
1.35 Bk & col'd Cashmere	90c	Corded Piques,	All qualities Napkins
1.25 " Cashmere	82c	Corded Marseilles,	All styles Napkins,
1.00 " Cashmere	65c	Ribbed Marseilles,	All sizes Towels,
85c " Cashmere	55c	Checked Nainsooks,	All qualities Towels,
50c " Cashmere	35c	Striped Nainsooks,	All qualities Birdeye Cotton,
2.00 Suitings.....	$1.25	Plaid Nainsooks,	All qualities Birdeye Linen,
1.50 Suittngs.....	1.00	Plain Nainsooks,	All qualities Red Flannel,
1.25 Suitings.....	85c	Fine Cambrics,	All qualities Blue Flannel,
1.00 Suitings.....	60c	Fine Linen Muslins,	All qualities White Flannel,
85c Suitings.....	50c	Fine Linen Lawns,	All shades Opera Flannel.
65c Suitings.....	45c	Printed Linen Lawns,	All shades Basket Flannel,
50c Suitings.....	32c	Irish Linen,	Ladies' Underwear,
45c Suitings.....	25c	Printed Shirt Linen,	Gents' Underwear,
If you want anything in Velveteens, black or colored, Grenadines, India, Swiss, the above embraces an elegant assortment of all the fashionable fabrics and shades. The dress goods stock is varied and very large. Big bargains will be found in every piece of goods shown. Egyptian, Swiss or Oriental Mulls.		Printed Waist Linen,	Children's Underwear
		Printed Apron Linen,	Muslin Underwear,
		Irish Table Linens,	Ladies' Hosiery,
		German Table Linens,	Gents' Hosiery,
		French Table Linens,	Children's Hosiery
		English Table Linens,	Kid Gloves,
		Screen for Curtains,	Silk Gloves,
		Crochet Quilts of all qualities	Lisle Gloves,
		Marseilles Quilts "	Berlin Gloves,
		Full width Sheetings for 16c,	Ribbons,
		The best Sheeting made, for 23c.	Laces,
		Pillow Case Muslins,	Neckwear,
			Buttons, etc., etc.

Come and buy them now and you will save 50c of every dollar you expect to invest.

DUFFY'S PURE Malt Whiskey.

Absolutely Pure and Unadulterated. Entirely Free from FUSIL OIL.

FUSIL OIL—Do you know what it is? Ask your Physician or Druggist and he will tell you that **IT IS A DEADLY POISON.** Positive Sure Cure for **Malaria, Pulmonary Complaints, Indigestion, Nervous Prostration, Bronchial Troubles, General Debility, Loss of Mental Power and all Wasting Diseases.** Endorsed by over **3,500 Physicians** and Chemists. Invaluable as a **STIMULANT AND TONIC** in **Typhoid Fever, Dysentery Diarrhœa, and all low forms of Disease. THE RECOGNIZED**

ANTIDOTE FOR CHOLERA.

We are the only concern in the United States who are bottling and selling to the Medical Profession and Drug Trade an absolutely **Pure Malt Whiskey**, one that is free from **FUSIL OIL** and that is not only found on the sideboards of the best families in the country, but also in the physician's dispensing room.

DR. ARENDT, *the great German Chemist,* says:—*"I have made an analysis of your PURE MALT WHISKEY, which gave a very gratifying result. Your Malt Whiskey, obtained mostly by extract of malt convusion and a very careful fermentation and distillation, is* **entirely free from fusil oil** *and any of those similarly obnoxious alcohols which are so often found in whiskey. I therefore,* **RECOMMEND IT TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.**

Prof. VON VONDER, writes:—"Purity itself—Duffy's Malt Whiskey, is the purest liquor that I have ever analyzed. I must therefore unqualifiedly recommend it to the medical profession."

The late **HARVEY L. BYRD, M. D.,** President of the Faculty, and Professor of the Baltimore Medical College, says: "I find it remarkably free from fusil oil and other objectionable materials so often found in the whiskies of the present day.

JAMES J. O'DEA, M. D., of Staten Island, the author of several works on insanity, writes: "When I prescribe an alcoholic stimulant, I order your famous Malt Whiskey, I know it to be wholesome, clean and unadulterated."

FRED. H. SAWERS, M. D., of Rochester, N. Y., a graduate of the leading European colleges, says: "I prescribe your Malt Whiskey in my practice here, consider it a very superior re